

the watcher, episode one

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Summary: Gordon's work has been completed and payment extracted, but the Gman waits for nobody, sent to a new conflict with a new ally, who can Gordon really trust?

## 1. Chapter 1

"no, don't leave me" Alyx's voice, and his vision faded, his final view was of her hugging Eli's body, Dog just behind her his head almost bowed in mourning, his vision then went fuzzy, like someone had taken off his glasses, and he realised with a start that he was standing again, he tried to walk but found that he couldn't, he knew where he was, and he braced himself for his employer's entrance, several seconds later he heard the G-man's voice

"I must apologise for removing you in your...time of grief" his voice didn't sound very sorry at all, it actually sounded malicious, just hearing it make him shiver "however, your task has been completed and payment...extracted" he certainly didn't like how he said extracted "usually you would be placed back in stasis, however with your...exemplary record, I have decided on a...easier assignment for you, a gift if you will" it was at this point that his employer appeared his face coming into focus before his body, if Gordon could frown and snarled he would have, there was no way he was leaving the rebel's, Alyx, to their fates, it was his war and nobody was going to stop him, his employer sensed his unwillingness and sighed, straitening his tie before continuing "if it is any consolation the rebellion will succeed, as was the agreement, and ms. Vance will survive" his employer sighed again, brushing some imaginary lint from his suit "however, you will not be working alone, as the...interested party has requested two of my best operatives, you will be working with one of my oldest operatives; the watcher" he gestured with his hand and next to Gordon appeared a man no older than 17, if Gordon ever imagined the G man's son then this would be him, from the black suit to the briefcase he held.

Suddenly the watcher disappeared and was replaced with a room, Gordon immediately recognised it as the changing rooms and HEV storage from

black mesa, he felt his HEV suit disassembling itself, and being removed by some otherworldly force, spinning, reminding Gordon of the combine weapon destruction sequence he had encountered at the citadel, slowly they stopped spinning and began to change, the plates melded into one another, flowing and shifting like they were made of liquid metal, before reforming into the plates, it looked no different, but he assumed the G-man had done something to it.

The suit was placed back on his body, the plates felt noticeably lighter, which was good, he didn't smile for two reasons though, one, he physically couldn't and two he was still employed by the G-man, and forced to fight in another war for him.

He mentally sighed and prepared himself as his vision went completely white.

So how was it? Good? Bad? I need to know, by the way next chapter will be in Gordon's POV and the chapter after in Alyx's.

## 2. Chapter 2

### Watcher chapter 2

Gordon woke slowly, for once feeling content and happy, he struggled to remember why, was it the rocket, was it Alyx? He woke with a start, a metaphorical bucket of cold water tipped over his head, as he heard a completely foreign sound, bird song, it was then he remembered what had happened, his forced removal and insertion, he felt the HEV suit and faintly heard the calm female voice running a diagnostics check on the suit, while it was vague nothing she said seemed to be out of the ordinary, Gordon sighed all he wanted to do was fall asleep again, ignoring the outside world and hopefully his employer. Fate had other plans

"Mr freeman, I know you're awake, get up, we have to get moving" the voice was calm, slipping into his mind and burning through it, causing him to groan and open his eyes, he noticed that he was in a forest, not like that which surrounded White Forest missile silo, for a start there were more trees, making it difficult to see beyond the small clearing, much darker, due to the thicker canopy of leaves, but primarily because the trees were definitely not from earth, they stood at least 100 foot in the air, like in any rainforest there were almost no branches that hung below the canopy, oh and did he mention the leaves were blue. Gordon frowned and looked around, to his left was the source of the voice, he was the man he had seen, he recalled he was called watcher, he stood a lot shorter than Gordon did, at about 5 foot 7, and wore the same black suit, though he had exchanged the shoes for much more military looking boots, and wore a Trench coat over his shirt, also in black, he was looking around, though for what Gordon couldn't guess.

With, rather ironically, a herculean effort he sat up, he frowned for a moment, his suit felt even lighter than before, which was disconcerting, the Watcher looked around as he got up

"disconcerting, isn't it?" Gordon merely glared at him, unwilling to work with, much less trust the Watcher, as Gordon got up he found his crowbar in it's usual place, on his belt, the same he had found on a

dead soldier all the way back in black mesa, on the other side was the improvised holder for whatever weapon he was carrying, today, instead of the SMG he had been carrying it held a gun he had never seen before, finally on the floor next to him lay his gravity gun, thankfully it's leather strap remained intact, so Gordon slipped it over his shoulder, next to him the Watcher waited patiently

"I understand you may not trust me, that you may, in fact hate me, however the fact remains that we are working together, I am just as unwilling as you are" Gordon nodded slowly, it had never occurred to him that the Watcher was an unwilling employee as well, the Watcher nodded, more to himself, Gordon was sure, than to him, before picking up his briefcase, setting it down on a nearby tree stump and flicking open the catches, Gordon was only slightly surprised when it revealed a mass of papers all neatly stacked, the watcher carefully removed several

"the planet we are on is called Grascon, orbiting the star Delon IV, it has a much lower gravity, around 0.67 of earth's norm, around 90% of the planet is covered in tropical and semi-tropical rainforests, total population is around 600 million, concentrated in 10 major cities, technologically they are equal, possibly 10-15 years ahead of earth, but asymmetric warfare does not exist, nor do many of the WMD's of earth, warfare is generally fought on open plains and consists of the two sides firing at each other, however the inhabitants of this planet are unique, as some possess 'psychic' powers, these are enhanced by various metals present of the planet, they are split into three groups, Psyche's can intrude on others thoughts, mind reading basically, while more powerful Psyche's can alter their thoughts, these are the least common, occurring approximately every 780'000 Grasconian's. Shielder's can project 'Shield's' which deflect oncoming missiles, these occur far more often, approximately every 240'000 Grasconian's. Finally there are Wielders, whose powers manifest themselves in weapons, due to the difficulty of maintaining concentration in major battles they use melee weapons, usually swords, these occur the most frequently, approximately every 29'000 Grasconian's" the Watcher took a moment to clear his throat and shuffle his papers

"the war we are...embroiled in has been one of the most bloody to date, due to the fact that it is a single government world, a the government is a monarchy, when the King died there was a vacuum of power, with all 7 sons claiming the throne, that was over 30 years ago, now only 2 sons, and there respective claims, remained they have been in deadlock now for over 7 years, we have been hired by the youngest son, a Prince Korman, to end the deadlock, to that end we are currently near his main city, Fereden, there we will be briefed on our mission" he finished gravely and placed the papers back in his Briefcase

"Mr freeman, please co-operate with me, remember the only way of this planet is by out employer" Gordon sighed, he hated it when he had no option but to his the Gman's work, it wasn't so bad on earth where he was fighting for humanity, but now he was dumped on some planet, fighting in a war, he hated it, and him.

The Watcher was waiting at the edge of the clearing, his briefcase in hand

"the city is approximately 3 hours walk from here" Gordon nodded,

like it or not he had a job and if it was the only way of this planet then he was going to do it. With a jolt he remembered his contact lenses, he removed the small Lambda plate on his chest, and picked up the two vials, he ungloved his hands and opened the first, he placed the lens gingerly on his eyes, resisting the urge to blink, he reached for the other vial and did the same, in his vision were the usual two unobtrusive stat's, his health and the suit power, the lens would also display his auxiliary power usage, oxygen and so forth, as they were wirelessly linked to his suit, something he was grateful for, looking around he reached for his glasses he put them back on, the world coming back into focus

"in your own time Mr. Freeman" Gordon only glared at the Watcher before following after him, Crowbar in hand

AN and that's my explanation for Gordon's HUD, fairly neat and tidy wouldn't you say.

Any way a review or two please, nothing big (though it would make my day). Thanks in advance I suppose

Blakdawn

PS StormyNightengale next chapter of Relativity V2 will be up either tomorrow or the day after.

### 3. Chapter 3

The watcher chapter 3

Alyx lay on her bed, staring aimlessly at the ceiling, it was early morning, but she had cried for almost the entire night, and she honestly felt as though she was dead, she hadn't slept, in over a week and a half, if she counted the week in limbo after she and Gordon had teleported from Nova Prospect, and know that she had a bed, a real, if slightly worn, bed she couldn't sleep, every time she closed her eyes she saw the same scene over and over again, sometimes things were different, Dr Kleiner taking her dad's place for instance, but the effect was the same, she just could not sleep, she contemplated going to the medical bay for some sleeping pills, if they had any, but she quickly disregarded the idea when she realised that she would have to talk to Julie, the head doctor, and she knew that Julie, bless her, would try and comfort her, and in he own way make things that much harder to deal with. Her thoughts returned, abruptly to Gordon, who was now doing some mission in former Belgium, she glumly thought that maybe she should emulate him, in his detached, almost cold, manner towards death, she had watched him destroy entire platoons of combine soldiers with little more than an SMG and a crowbar, it scared her and captivated her, at the same time.

\_Knock\_

her thoughts ended when someone rapped on the door, she glanced at her body, still fully clothed thankfully and then glanced around the room, it seemed fine, so she got up and opened the door, to reveal an impatient Dr Magnuson

"yes?" her voice was scratchy from crying, Magnuson took a moment to

look at her, before frowning

"well, you aren't in any fit state for anything, what have you been doing, banging your head against a wall all night?" Alyx was in no state to argue, or stand it seemed as she collapsed against the door frame

"Dr Kleiner would like to see you in his lab as soon as possible" she nodded, he looked at her, for a moment she saw what could only be described as concern, before he was back to his normal brusque self

"now, I had the foresight to bring some sleeping pills with me, on Kleiner's suggestion" he held out a small packet, all but two of the pouches had been opened, she took the packet and opened them carefully, dry swallowing them with a practised grimace

"those should keep you asleep for about 9 hours, so get back into bed young lady" he completed the order with a 90 degree turn and stomped off, she coughed once before moving back into bed, already feeling drowsy.

15 hours later

Alyx woke with a start, grasping her machine pistol as she did so, her lights was off and it was pitch black, she stumbled around, trying to avoid any her desk and piles of clothes, then she had to blindly search for the light switch, she had visited White Forest several years ago, but her memory of the layout was vague at best, once she had found it she relaxed, the pitch blackness reminded her all to much of the city 17 underground when she had been totally reliant on Gordon's flash light for sight she found her room as she left it, much to her relief, she sat back down on her bed, trying to remain calm, trying to...with a jot she remembered that Dr Kleiner wanted to see her, so she ensured that her room was locked at stripped down, and then searched for new clothes, her old ones were hardly fresh, relatively speaking, eventually she found another pair of jeans which were slightly more frayed than her old ones and a T-Shirt advertising something called 'Iron Maiden', it was black, but had some weird artwork on the front and a list of dates on the back, over the top she wore her jacket and finally her belt, ensuring her stuff was secure, once she was happy with her appearance she stepped out, locking her room behind her, before searching for Dr Kleiner's labs, she knew it were near silo one, so she didn't haven't that much to search. How she loves to eat her words...

an hour later

"...second right, you got that?" she nodded at the nameless rebel, who she recalled having seen in the cafeteria once, and set off, this time armed with directions for his lab, she headed down the first corridor on her left, not recognising any of the signs, but she turned down her third right onto another access corridor, this one was longer and cleaner than the first, so she was near an inhabited part of the base at any rate, finally she knocked on the second door to her right, it opened immediately revealing Dr Kleiner, working at his desk, he turned round at the hissing of the door, looking relieved when he saw her face

"Alyx, my dear, what have you been up to" he got up and walked over

to her, looking at her intently

"nothing, honestly just sleeping" he frowned

"did you use the sleeping pills?" she nodded guiltily, for some reason

"you've been crying haven't you" it wasn't an accusation, only a statement, again she nodded

"well, it's better to let it all out, as Gordon would testify"

"Gordon?"

"hmm? Oh yes, it was about 3 weeks before the resonance cascade, Gordon and Barney had a little celebration, I can't remember what for, anyway both of them got incredibly drunk and Gordon started crying, for his dad, if I remember correctly, his dad had been dead for over 7 years, but Gordon had never let all his emotions out" she could only nod dumbly, \_7 years\_, without crying must have been hell for him

"what did you call me here for?" Kleiner didn't respond for a second or two

"I called you in here because he have recently found an old mark III HEV suit, completely unmodified, probably left here after the 'Great Clean-up of '95'. Magnuson and I decided that it would be good for someone to use it" her eyes widened

"you can't mean..."

"we both agreed you would be the ideal candidate, you have experience in the field and are well respected, unless you have a better suggestion" her brain whirled, trying to think of anybody that could use it better than her, after 10 seconds she drew a blank and weakly shrugged, Kleiner took that as permission to continue, he typed a code into a nearby keypad and from the depths rose the HEV suit, it looked less bulky than Gordon's mark V, and was painted in an uninspired drab grey colour, Kleiner made his way over to it, almost reverently moving the glove back into it's proper position, then he turned to her

"obviously adjustments need to be made, if you would just like to step into the scanner for a second" he directed her to a small cubicle, once she was inside he turned it on

"please keep still for this, it shouldn't make a difference but I like to play it safe" then he pressed enter and a plane of red light flooded the cubicle lowering down and then rising back up, confirming completion with a sharp ping, the cubicle opened and she made her way out, to be confronted with a 3D representation of herself on the computer screen, which then showed the various changes to be made to the suit for it to fit her. Kleiner seemed to be satisfied with the result

"you rest now, you deserve it, the suit should be ready with 3 days, after that we'll begin your training" she nodded and made her way, contemplating how to spend her day

AN as ever suggestions, comments and opinions all appreciated

#### 4. Chapter 4

The Watcher chapter 4

they had walked for 3 days, 3 stupid, tear inducing, boring, unforgiving, downright dangerous days. And Gordon had had enough, they were both in a clearing when he threw his crowbar down and settled next to it, the Watcher stopped at the noise, almost hunching at the sound, and turned around slowly

"we do not need rest, nor food or water, you do not appear injured or incapacitated in any way, for what possible reason could you need to sit down?" Gordon considered the concept of no sleeping or eating or drinking, sure during the Black Mesa incident he hadn't slept in about 3 days, but he was running on adrenalin and the cocktail of drugs his HEV suit injected, he hadn't considered the biological aspect, and during his time in city 17 he had been rushed from one place to another, with barely a moments reprieve, so it made sense. Gordon didn't answer the Watchers question but he was fairly good at reading Gordon

"the way I see it, the faster we do this the faster we get off this planet, the only way is through our employer, besides the city can't be far now" Gordon only looked at him, before shrugging slightly, the watcher was right no matter how much he hated it

"in your own time Mr Freeman" Gordon picked himself up, not wishing for another 'Heart-to-Heart' for not following orders, they set off again

Just half an hour later the tress began to become less dense, giving the forest a less evil appearance, such appearance was helped by the multitude of animals they found, previously the only animals had been night stalkers, though Gordon had only ever seen their glowing eyes.

"what did I tell you Mr Freeman?" Gordon sighed in response, content that they had reached some form of civilization

"Halt" they had reached the main gates after another hour of walking, and Gordon was feeling quite fed up, the Guards looked like cocky bastards, much like the HECU marines he had met back in Black Mesa, they carried rifle's of some form, probably the standard issue, and wore padded body armour, like the Combine soldiers rather than the more expensive PCV, he idly wondered if it could take a round of buckshot as well as the combines armour, IE not well. The Guard and The Watcher talked for around five minutes with lots of finger waving and jabbing, what amused him was how little they were actually talking, not that he could say anything, pun not intended. Eventually the Guard nodded and pointed at Gordon, the Watcher rushed to explain and they talked for another few minutes. Finally the guard nodded, and ushered the both through, shouting at someone inside the small room to there left to take over the guard post, a few replies, none pleasant were shouted back.

As they walked the streets Gordon had a chance to look at the

inhabitants, they were almost the same as humans, the only difference was that both sexes had flat chests, which he supposed was no great loss. They had arrived at mid-afternoon when the city was at its busiest, but the people around them moved out of the way, out of fear of the guard or fear of them he wasn't sure, either way the the route was a stroll in the park compared to the previous days trek.

It was so nice in fact he almost didn't realise he was at the imposing castle, until he all but crashed into the Watcher's back, who half turned in annoyance before refocusing on the castle guard, or so Gordon presumed, his armour looked better as did his weapon, again a rifle but more solidly built than the relatively small rifle his escort guard carried. His escort guard and the castle guard talked to each other, with the castle guard's radio occasional squawking added to the mix.

After what seemed an eternity they were allowed in, though the first guard was sent back to his post and they were taken through by the castle guard, past layer upon layer of security, each more heavily armed and foreboding than the last, the whole thing resembled a military fortress rather than a castle.

Finally they were through into the main part of the castle, and contrary to what he was expecting the entire castle was covered in murals, paintings and pictures from, presumably, the centuries of artists and styles the castle had witnessed. It was rather daunting, being looked down upon by massive bigger than life paintings, Gordon could see the family resemblance, the slightly to big ears and...unusual hairstyles, running throughout. However he soon realised they were in the old part of the castle as the next wing was almost completely metal, it looked new, no older than 3 years he guessed.

Again he was proved wrong, the new part just provided a passage to another old part of the castle, this one built just like the last, after walking for what seemed like miles they were let into a small room, to one side was a desk and a computer, behind was a receptionist or secretary, completely at odds with the feel of the room, the desk and computer were metal.

"the Prince will see you in five minutes, please take a seat" the Guard nodded to the receptionist and walked out leaving them to twiddle their thumbs. Gordon noticed that the Watcher was tapping the face of his watch again, he always did that when he was impatient or nervous, Gordon was bored, and felt like a baton in a relay race, being passed from person to another, the Watcher gave no such indication of annoyance, or any show of emotion on his face.

"he'll see you now" the Watcher nodded, Gordon gave no such indication, and both walked into the office.

The entire room was wood, from the wood floor that creaked no matter how he walked and the wood panels, to the wooden desk, aside from the leather that made for a more comfortable writing surface, more surprisingly was the lack of computer. Then Gordon turned his attention to the prince, who was inspecting them with equal curiosity.

The prince was definitely part of the family, with his slightly big ears, though the hairstyle was composed, ordered a neat military



cut

"Greetings I am Prince Velorum, Please take a seat" he gestured to the two seats in front of the desk, they both sat down, with The Watcher bringing his briefcase up and onto the table, once they were settled the Watcher opened his mouth to speak, though the prince spoke before he could

"I know you were expecting my father, however he is currently away on a diplomatic mission and will be for some time" The Watcher nodded and opened up his briefcase, laying out pieces of paper, the prince waited patiently until he was ready

"I will attempt to explain the situation as I see it, if there are any errors could you please point them out. You, or rather your father asked our...mutual friend for two of his best operatives, for work in urban operations, you have received myself, The Watcher and Gordon Freeman, for the task at hand, we work in reconnaissance and urban assault respectively, and as such are equipped to deal with anything that may be required. It is to my understanding that your troops are unused to fighting in urban conditions"

"yes, my father wanted to train them in urban warfare, however it would take to long and the pay-off is limited"

"yes, which is why we hired us, I see. Let's see, you current military forces are at around 20 million men active and another 6 million in reserve?" the Prince nodded "current technological level is relatively low, and you rely on psionic amplification for the majority of your warfare" again the Prince nodded "you rely on traditional techniques, sometimes literally lining up on a field and firing until one side is dead. Your people are centres in cities and rely heavily on outside large scale agriculture for support, leading to a poor diet and malnutrition. Can I ask, what precisely do you have in mind? I have received no assignments" the prince nodded slowly before answering

"we intend to use you as a scouting force, and clear the way of any unpleasant surprises, allowing my troops to move in and perform actual command and control"

"figureheads then, to inspire fear"

"I suppose, what's it to you?"

"nothing, I was merely confirming our role in this war" the prince nodded and then pulled a file from his desk, he opened it and then turned it to them

"a relatively easy assignment, to show us how good you are, a rebellious town, quite far from here has declared itself independent, we cannot allow that, you will be inserted along with around 20 of my men, your objectives are to clear the main roads of any surprises and to hold the council leader, once that is done we will insert more men to hold the town" The watcher nodded and it was all Gordon could do to suppress a frown, while he understood where the Prince was coming from, in a war dissent was dangerous, he had a feeling of what would happen to the rebellious towns people.

It took another hour, with Gordon barely listening, of the Watcher

and the prince talking over the details, he was sure they both knew he was almost asleep, but Gordon knew that the details wouldn't matter, at this point, his mission was, unfortunately simple and effective, get in, kill any soldiers or guards, capture the council leader, wait for soldiers to clean up. It was simple and effective, and it made Gordon sick, that he was at the point where death didn't concern him, that he could talk about killing innocent people, who probably had been ignored for years and finally got tired, and not be particularly bothered about it.

Finally they were shown to their room, as they had to share, it was relatively large as rooms go, with two single beds, two dressers, an en suite bathroom a small fridge, basically what he would expect from a hotel room, by this point it was nearly night-time, and the low sun cast a strange blue glow over the town, mostly due to the fact that it was blue and therefore, if he memory of astronomy served him well, a lot hotter than his sun.

Gordon couldn't remember sleeping for at least 4 days, and yet he didn't feel tired, but he was determined, and removed the HEV suit, before settling down to sleep. The Watcher didn't comment on this, for which Gordon was grateful, he didn't feel like dealing with the Watchers sarcasm, not when he needed to sleep. To feel human.

AN can I ask for some reviews, nothing massive, not 5000 word epics, just simply what's good and what's bad.

And on that note would anybody like to be my beta, I know it is a terrible story, with a god awful plot, but having a beta would be a massive help.

End  
file.